



...because you'll die anyway.



thriller

psycho

horror,

101 9 5

Chapter 1 by unbreakable

I stepped out into the darkness. It was this icy breeze which surrounded my body, covered my bare skin and let me feel that I was still alive.

The whistling wind comforted me. It was like music to my ears after the long time in complete silence.

I have to get away from here! If I only would know where 'here' is.

I moved a step forward and the snow stung like a thousand tiny needles in my bare feet.

Chapter 2 by ArchAngel



Dim light lifts the darkness a little, the moon struggles to shine silver through a low bank of clouds. Around me are pine trees humped under cloaks of snow.

Glancing back, I see my dark footprints trailing to the hard grey granite of a mountain and the icy glass wall of a glacier.

Then on the wind comes a faint smell of wood smoke, I turn in its direction and take sharp stabbing steps through the snow.

Chapter 3 by unbreakable

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A noise makes me stop walking through my veins.

I started running as fast as my hurting feet would allow me to.

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He was there. It must have been him. Oh my god, when he catches me.. I couldn't think further, it was too painful.

It felt like i ran for an eternity. I stopped to take a deep breath. The cold numbed the pain from my tortured body.

As I looked ahead I saw a light shining through the deep woods. Am I hallucinating? Even if it wouldn't be real I have to take this chance and reach the light.

The light turned out to be a cabin and before I could think about it more, I already heard myself knocking at door. Heavy footsteps moved towards the door and my heart was racing faster then while I was running. What if this was a mistake?

But before I could turn around and hide, the door opened up and strong masculine hands pulled me inside.

Chapter 4 by ArchAngel



I stand bewildered in the warmth of the cabin, a crackling fire gives everything a flickering golden glow.

The man before me grabs a thick woolen blanket from a couch. For a moment I can only see his check shirt and broad shoulders, then he brings the blanket over and carefully throws it round me. He has mussed up hair, hazel eyes and a dark beard. "What's happened to you?", he asks, and I can see the concern in his face.

I hesitate, I feel the instinct to flee again, to keep on running.

"It's okay now", he soothes me, and leads me to the couch by the fire and sits me down. "You look like you could use a hot coffee."

He hunkers down to light a small camping stove under an aluminum kettle and rummages in a cupboard for a couple of mugs, then comes and sits on the easy chair opposite me. He speaks

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"Please don't tell him that I'm here!" I whisper to him.

"Go and hide in the kitchen pantry!"

I ran quietly over and crouched myself in the spare room the pantry left me.

After a few seconds I heard the door squeak open and muffled voices, then a painful scream, breaking furniture and some other unexplained noises.

Oh my god what was going on out there? Then all the noise stopped abruptly. My body started shaking as the fear crawled up my skin.

That silence became more oppressive with every minute.

Suddenly the door to the pantry flung open. I knew immediately that it couldn't be Emory and I was right when I looked straight in those ice cold blue eyes.

"Well, if that isn't my little bird who tried to fly away!"

"What did you do to him?"

"Oh my dear, you mean your little old friend over there?" he pointed to the couch table where Emory was tied up. I saw blood dripping from his forehead.

But even though he was hurt Emory looked at me so kindly yet terrified just as he would say that it's alright no matter what happens. I mean I knew better. I have been with this Psychopath for a long time and knew what he is capable of.

"Please, don't hurt him, he is innocent! Just take me with you. I'll do anything you ask for!" I heard myself begging in a voice that sounded even strange in my ears.

"Oh my little birdy, I'm not going to hurt him. You are."

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